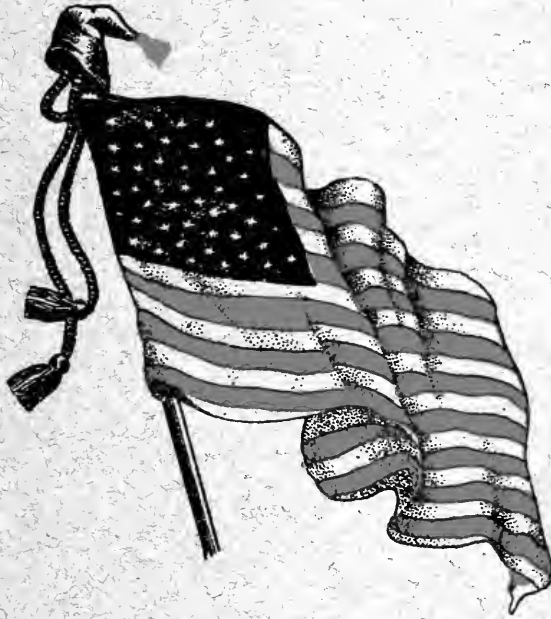


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Idle Moments



By Judge Frank Templeton



HAZEL TEMPLETON
ENCAMPMENT G. A. R. CLEVELAND, OHIO, 1901

Idle Moments

By JUDGE FRANK TEMPLETON



A Book for Campfires,
Schools, Societies, Etc.

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By JUDGE FRANK TEMPLETON

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TO MY DAUGHTER

My little sweetheart is dearer to me
Than any earthly treasure.
Always contented and happy is she;
And is my one great pleasure.
Round my neck loving arms twining;
Rouguish eyes, like stars are shining;
Fairer than dawn of day,
Kissing my tears away,
She is my cloud's silver lining.

Preface

IN placing this volume before the public, it is in the hope that it meet the approval of those who desire to while away an idle moment.

The author, who has spent a great portion of his life before the public, has had great difficulty in finding in other books just the right subject to use before an audience, but he has never had any trouble in choosing a selection from these pages which failed to please ; and should this volume furnish to it readers the theme desired, we shall consider our work not in vain.

Respectfully,

FRANK TEMPLETON

Idle Moments

OLD GLORY.

When Liberty, bleeding, and trampled, and torn;
Fled and sought refuge from Tyranny's hands,
In the far distant West, where her children unborn,
Should stand free and equal, with men of all lands:
Her banner she streaked with the morning's first light,
Alternating with white. On the field of sky-blue
She placed stars of glory to guide in their fight,
The arms of her champions, loyal and true.

When King George's minions thronged our eastern shore,
And God seemed to hear not the patriot's cry;
That banner cheered brave hearts, 'mid cannon's loud roar,
And gave them the courage to conquer or die.
It flaunted defiance from fort and from field,
Triumphant, it decked the proud ship on the sea;
Made Tyranny tremble, made it to yield,
And give us a nation, a land for the free.

Again, when the strife among brothers arose,
And the Blue and the Gray fought like lions at bay;
While Liberty, weeping for her country's woes,
As Death grimly stalked in the midst of the fray;
She saw on her banner a dark stain, that grew
Brighter, and brighter, 'till bright as could be;
And when the Blue conquered, then all the world knew;
That banner, in truth, was the flag of the free.

All honor, Old Glory! the flag that we love,
Fling to the breezes your beautiful folds!
God of the battle, guard it from above!
Prize it, ye people, as did sires of old!
May thy stars shine as bright in the future as now!
A refuge from tyrants, may thou ever be!
To defend thee, we pledge thee, by a solemn vow,
And thus we salute thee, O Flag of the Free!

FLAG WORSHIP.

Shall the flag stay, where the pride of the nation
Has borne it triumphant on land and on sea:
Not as a symbol of humiliation,
But emblem of peace from the land of the free?
Shall vaporings wild, from the vile tongue of treason
Beguile us from paths, which our duty makes plain?
Shall we permit cowards, bereft of their reason,
To defile Old Glory, the flag without stain?

Go! prate to the imbecile of your strange notion,
Of servile submission to traitorous hands;
Of peace with dishonor, mistaken devotion
Unto our bright banner, the best of all lands.
Denounce the brave men who have followed Old Glory,
And gave up their lives for posterity's sake;
Who beat back oppression on battle-fields gory,
And make Old World monarch's thrones tremble and quake.

Scoff at that widowed and heart-broken mother,
Who said to her brave lad, "God bless you boy, go!"
Defend that bright banner, a coward, no other"
"Permits it assailed by an insolent foe."
"And, if in battle, the bullets, death speeding,"
"Shall cut short young life, and sadden mine too;"
"May it be, where the van of the line; you are leading"
"To victory, under the Red, White and Blue."
Call it flag-worship, to guard Freedom's treasure
From men, who are taught to believe "Might makes right?"
No! Liberty's soldiers consider it pleasure
To die for the flag that turns darkness to light.

Call it a crime? Coward, stop! this great nation
Tolerates much from the imbecile mind
Of would-be reformers, who through defamation
Seeks to redress all the wrongs of mankind.

Stop! lest the immortal heroes awaken,
And scourge your vile presence away from our land;
Or tear away charity's mantle, mistaken
Protection for foes who would rend Freedom's hand,
Liberty scorns you, nor asks you to render
Her service, on either the land or the sea.
She can find millions of MEN to defend her,
And follow our beautiful flag of the free.

JIM'S A COMIN' BACK.

Howd'y do, come right in honey, Gosh, yo lookin' gay!
 Take yo' t'ings off, hab a cheer. Eh, w'at am dat yo' say?
 Boys am comin' home today? 'Golly, dat am news
 Dat's fit to dribe away de mostest, wustest kin' ob blues.
 Daddy, git de flah roarin! Jim's a comin' back,
 Fotch de possum, sweet partater, make yo' old feet crack;
 Git de fiddle ready, honey, rosin on de bow,
 We'l gib Jim a 'ception dat he nebber had befo'.
 Mose, yo' git a watermillion, one ob dem dat punks,
 Jim kin hab de bigges' an' de ripes' ob de hunks.
 Won' he cut a capah wif his shinin' so'ger close?
 He will knock de stuffin' out ob all de country beaux.
 Heah, yo' chillun, Bill an' Pete, go git yo' faces clean.
 I declah to goodness, yo'uns ain't fit to be seen!
 W'at de mattah wif dem chickens? Shoo dar! C'ar out! Shoo!
 Shouldn't wonder, dat dey reckon Jim's a comin', too.
 Lucy, stop yo' foolin' roun' an' fussin' wif yo' ha'r.
 Yo' ain't wuff a picayune to he'p yo' pore ole ma'r.
 Gosh-a'-mighty! I jess' feel like bu'stin' out wif joy,
 'Kase I feel so mighty proud about mah so'ger boy.
 Yes sah, Jimmy went along wif all dem Georgy chaps,
 Dat went to shoot dem Speenyards off'm Cuby; an' p'r'aps
 Dey didn't do a ting to dem. W'y dey wa'n't, one, two, free.
 Dem Speenyards w'an't as much ercount as possum up a tree.
 Lucy, tu'n dat possum. Yes sah, Jim he car'd de flag
 At San Jan Hill; an' help'd to tear down dat ole yaller rag
 Wich dem Speenyards had planted dar. Did dey skip out?
 Yo' bet!

I wouldn't be exprised to heah, dat dey wus runnin' yet.
 W'y w'en dem cullerd gem'men went a climin' up dat hill,
 A backin' dem Rough Ridahs, sah, dem Speenyards jes' stood
 still

Foh jes' erbout a minit, den dey gib a yell, an' lit
 Out, shoutin' "black'n debbils comin'!" Lawd! I liked to split
 Mah sides wif laffin' w'en I done did heah dat lettah read,
 Dat telled erbout dat fightin'. W'y, sah, some on 'em
 draped dead

Befo' de bullet struck 'em. Hit don't seem dat could be so;
 But, mebbe dey had catched w'ats called de colorofobo.
 Possum done? Well jes' yo take—Foh Lawd's sake, heah dey
 come!

Hit almos' tickles me to deff to git yo' safe back home.

Sot down chile. W'y Jimmy, w'ats de mattah wif yo' leg?
 Dem Speenyards shot hit off, an' lef' yo' only dis yere peg?
 Pore chile, yo' mammy lubs yo' more'n ebber, but yo' see,
 Yo'll get hit back in hebben; kase yo' fought foh liberty.
 Don' cry mah boy, I'm prouder den ef yo' had fohty legs;
 More'n one pore feller has to walk aroun' on pegs;
 An, w'en yo' climb de Golden Stairs, ole Peter'll say How'do,
 Come in, yo're welcome, foh yo' car'd de ole red, white an'
 blue.



JOHNNY'S EXPLANATION.

Don't you know Dewey? Why, he is the one,
 Who jollied the Spaniards, at Mannilla Bay;
 And sent them his compliments, out of a gun,
 Which gave them that queer tired feeling, they say.

The Spaniards called Dewey a lobster, and said,
 "If he comes out here, we will show him who's who;"
 "We'll fill his old, rotten tubs chock full of lead;"
 "And bump those Yanks' heads, till they're red, white, and
 blue."

When Dewey heard this, he just smiled, and said, "Rats*"
 But made up his mind, that those bullfighting rubes
 Would think they had stirred up some Killkenny cats,
 When the Yankee boys sighted their black, shining tubes.

Well, Dewey went over, but did not fight fair,
 For he told his men, "It was fight to the death;"
 And his boys worked so fast, that the shells burned the air,
 Which left many Spaniards without any breath.

The Spaniards don't like our George, now, very well;
 Because, when they shot at him, he would not run.
 They say, "they would sooner all be sent to h——l,"
 "To fight with Old Nick, than that son-of-a-gun."

Then, hurrah for George Dewey! Right welcome, is he.
 Hurrah for his Yankee tars! gallant and true.
 Hurrah for Old Glory, the pride of the sea,
 The flag without stain! Dear Old Red-White-and-Blue.

A THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

Thanksgiving day was drawing near,
And all were getting ready
To have their share of the good cheer;
So, Sam and Will and Teddy
Said, "We will show the older folks
That we are up to snuff,"
"Your farmer turkey, that's a hoax,"
"A wild one, that's the stuff!"

Said Sam: "Now 'Ted, you take the ax,"
"And I will take the gun,"
"While Will can look for turkey-tracks."
"Hooray, won't that be fun?"
Away they went through field and glen,
And looked both left and right
For turkey-tracks or turkey-pen,
Until 'twas nearly night.

The tired boys had sat them down
Upon a great big stump—
When, suddenly, they heard a sound,
That made them all three jump.
'Ted said, "It was a duck."
Said Will, "It is a hawk."
Sam said, "You're green, we are in luck,"
"That was a turkey-squawk."

Then cautiously they looked around
Till Sam saw in a tree,
The bird, that made the funny sound.
"A turkey, sure!" Said he.
"Just look, how big, a'in't he allright?"
"By ginger, he's a beaut'!"
Said 'Ted, "I wonder if he'll fight"
"Be careful how you shoot!"

So, Sam took up the gun,
And aimed it at the turkey.
It wasn't so much fun,
For his nerves were rather jerky.
But, presently, he sot—gobang!
You ought to have seen them jump.
The woods all round about them rang,
And the bird fell down kerbump.

Their prize they carried home,
And shouted in their glee
Unto their mother, "Come,"
"A turkey bird, sure, see?"
But when their ma caught sight
Of that strange looking fowl,
She laughed, and well she might,—
That turkey was,—an Owl.

AN ODE TO LINCOLN.

When grim-visaged war hovered over this land,
And caused hearts to quake and fair cheeks to blanch;
At the helm of our Ship of State was a firm hand:
His faith never wavered: his great heart was stanch.
With traitors around him, here, everywhere,
The halls of our congress resounding their tread;
Brave Lincoln stood firm. He knew not despair—
The Union shall stand tho' the ground be dyed red.

Up from the South came the traitorous yoemen,
Breathing destruction to sons of the North.
Under strange flags came those proud, boasting foemen;
Daring the sons of the North to come forth.
"To Arms!" flashed a message, responds the boys brave;
Like lions they stood—those Northmen so true—
They snatched from a hell, from the hands of the knave
The flag of brave Lincoln—the Red, White and Blue.

For four long years stood Lincoln surveying
War's desolation with tear-bedimmed eyes;
Patiently suffering, quietly praying
That horrid rebellion might speedily die.
The good angel Mercy, at length from above,
Her mantle of peace o'er our country let fall;
Proclaimed to our foemen those words of great love,
"With malice toward none, with charity for all."

Lincoln, thou hero! Thou martyr! Thy fame
Long will be green in the hearts of the free.
How the blood thrills at the sound of thy name,
Wherever men struggle for their liberty.
Lincoln, loved Lincoln! The patriot just!
We'll ne'er forget those teachings of thine.
We'll guard with our life-blood your sacred trust,—
The stars and the stripes,—your flag and mine.

THE OLD MAN EXPLAINS HOW IT HAPPENED.

My boy, we had a'lection t'other day;
An' I want to tell you now, it made
Some fellows, that I know of, feel that they
Have had their nine months' cinch somewhat delayed.

You know they told us that it wouldn't do
To give J. H. a third term. Big mistake!
T'would be a sin against the people too,
Of lettin' one man swipe all of the cake.

They said they had a Niece, who was the craze:
A nine days wonder, sure to win the day!
She was a wonder, just about nine days,
She couldn't talk, but tried the gum-shoe way.

Then, there was Tony BRAVE, an' TRIED, an' TRUE.
Some people say he TRIED the dodger plan.
Thought, BRAVE he was, he fell, an' now feels blue;
Yet he can TRULY say, "I also ran."

There was one man, who thought a judge, to be;
But, judging from returns, he only thought.
The game of Morris, any one can see,
Is played by two, but win, they both cannot.

In this case, there seems to be no doubt,
The young man clearly acted well his part.
T'was not, because he didn't get about;
But, just a case of "glad hand, marble heart."

That other man, who wanted to survey
A small part of this world, but failed to touch
The voter's sympathy, was heard to say:
"They didn't seem to know me, dum the Dutch."

Just how it happened? Well I will explain,
For, candidates, who lost, are figuring yet.
The reasons are, there wasn't enough rain,
And the necessary votes they didn't get.

MY SUNNY SOUTHLAND HOME.

Way down in sunny Southland is a spot beloved by me;
The place where first I saw the light of day;
Where sunkissed hills are gently fanned by breezes from the
 sea,
And Nature smiles a welcome there, always.
Memory still leads me by the gently murmuring stream;
Again the nightingales sweet song, I hear;
The perfume of the flowers steals around me, as I dream
Of that sunny Southland home to me so dear.

How I love that Southland home
Nestling 'neath the hill,
And, no matter where I roam,
Fancy pictures still,
A lad and lassie, woodland bowers,
The moonlight flowing o'er.
I'd give the world, those happy hours,
Could I bring back, once more.

How many happy hours, we passed beneath the spreading
bough;
Now, culling flowers plucked from hill and dale;
Then weaving them in garlands, which I placed upon her
brow;
She, Royal Princess of some fairy tale,
I, her knight so daring, ready to the world defy,
And breathing vows, while kneeling at her feet.
Ardent kisses, framed by rosy lips, was her reply.
Oh, sacred hours of innocence, how sweet!

The picture changes, and a little white-robed form I see
Borne unto the churchyard on the hill.
There my darling rests beneath the stately cypress tree,—
Others may forget, I never will.
Yet, I trust to meet her over on the golden shore,
Where together hand in hand we'll roam,
And renew the vows we pledged in happy days of yore,
By the dear old sunny Southland home.

MY DOLL.

Don't you think dolls are nice? I do;
I think, they are just to sweet.
With rosy cheeks, and laughing eyes.
And dainty little feet.

My Bess is such a patient doll,
She never cries, when hurt;
But, sometimes, she will soil her clothes,
When playing in the dirt.

She never says a naughty word.
I think such things are shocking.
For goodness' sake, why dolly, dear,
If you haven't lost your stocking.

She never, never tries to scold,
And never tells a lie.
All children could be just as good,
If they would only try.

Now, you must excuse me,
I'll have to say good-bye;
For my dolly's getting restless.
I'm afraid that she might cry.

Sco'n not de pore dat comes to yo' door,
Do' yo' am rollin' in riches;
Yo' nebber kin tell w'en Miss Fortin' may frown,
An' p'raps clap a patch on yo' breeches.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Now, if you sit very still,
And do not make a noise;
I'll tell you what we're going to do,
With all of these nice toys.

There's some for John and some for Bill,
And some for little Fan;
Some for Fred and some for Tom,
And some for bright-eyed Ann.

See Tom laugh, and see Fred grin;
Bill can't sit still a minute.
We children all are happy,
Because we think we're in it.

We'll give some to the big folks too,
Just to make them glad,
If they'll promise not to scold us,
Only when we're bad.

Now, when we get all these nice toys,
Let's mind our pa's and ma's;
And when we go to bed tonight,
Pray, God bless Santa Claus.

WHAT THE BELLS SAY.

Soon we'll hear the Christmas bells,
Ding-dong, ding-dong.
This is what their music tells,
Ding-dong, ding-dong.
Happy little girls and boys,
Thinking of their Christmas toys;
How we love their jolly noise,
Ding-dong, ding-dong.

Winds are rocking trees so high.
Ding-dong, ding-dong.
Snowflakes fluttering from the sky,
Ding-dong, ding-dong.
Now the sleighs go dancing by,
While the children gaily cry,
"Hurrah, the Christmas day is nigh!"
Ding-dong, ding-dong.

Then the joyful bells will say,
Ding-dong, ding-dong.
Now is time to quit our play,
Ding-dong, ding-dong.
Say your prayers, and go to bed;
Rest each tired little head;
Angels round you lightly tread;
Ding-dong, ding-dong.

THE MERRY WIDOW HAT.

(By Pete Saucier.)

By Crimp! Ah almos' gat dose craz';
She can' tel' w'are e's at.
Ma Hemma mus' be boun' to hav'
Wan Mary-widow hat.

She steek hout too ver' mooch alroun',
Lak humbrell', w'ich Ah gat—
Dose price, she steek hout, too by Crap
Fur Mary-widow hat.

Dose Frenh bonnet, she's better, too,
Dan strawstack mash out flat,
All kiver hup wid rag an' stuff,
Lak' Mary-widow hat.

Dat Hemma says "she sel' dat cow
An' hog, too, w'en she's fat."
She say "she goin' blow it off
Fur Mary-widow hat.

Ah'll 'saw 'bout dat ri'toff, by Gosh!
We gat too plenty brat
To spen' w'at gat fur cow an' hog
Fur Mary-widow hat.

By Gar! Ah lak' some brogan', too,
Som' pant' an' som' cravat—
Ah s'pose to go lak Haddam, jes'
Fur Mary-widow hat.

By Crap! dat Haddam loss ver' mooch
W'en Lord cut out e's slat
To mak' dat womans dat mus' hav'
Wan Mary-widow hat.

W'en Ah spik' she t'row broom hon me
Jes' ef Ah'm wan mus'rat.
Ah dodge it wid mooch difficult—
Pouf, Mary-widow hat!

Dat's bad. W'at Ah shall don'? Bagosh,
 It will wan deevorce gat,
 Onlass she sel' dem cow an' pig
 Fur Mary-widow hat.

Ah t'ink mabbe, Ah go, to lak'
 An' drown herself lak' cat.
 But dat's no use to be wan fool
 Fur Mary-widow hat.

Ah know w'at Ah shall do, by Crap,
 She shall gat wan ball-bat,
 An' den Ah'll show it w'at become
 Of Mary-widow hat.

SOME PEOPLE THAT I KNOW.

(Song.)

I know a little girl, her teeth, they are like pearl;
 Her beauteous hair, like sunshine golden, glows.
 Her eyes are diamonds bright, outshining stars of night,
 And her cheeks are like the red, red rose.
 She has as yet, no beau; sometime she will, I know,
 For she is such a charming little sweet.
 She dances with such ease, I know, she would you please,
 This is the way she moves her dainty feet.

(Dance.)

I know another girl, her teeth are not like pearl,
 And stand as crooked as a crosscut saw;
 Her nose is out of joint, her chin ends in a point;
 And her hair looks like a stack of straw.
 Her eyes, they stand askew, their color, pink and blue;
 Her mouth, it looks just like a hash retreat.
 She thinks, she is a peach, the only on the beach,
 And this is how she walks along the street.

(Walks.)

I know a man in town, his name, it is not Brown;
 He dresses loud, and tries to cut a swell.
 He spends his mony free, drinks plenty of "cold tea,"
 And, sometimes, mixes things up pretty well.
 He stays out very late, can't always find the gate;
 And the keyhole flies around the door.
 He tries the same old dodge, tells wife, "I've been to lodge;"
 But, this is how he walks along the floor.

(Walks.)

ANTOINE'S COURTSHIP.

(By Pete Saucier.)

Ah sung wan song 'bout dat Jeanette—
She's w'at, you call, petite;
Wid hair an' heye lak' blackes' jet—
By Crimp, da's ver' mooch sweet.

Ah try fur courtin' in dem house;
Dem fadder'law gat mad.
By Gar, heem grab it hon dem blouse,
An' threat' me hofful bad.

W'en Ah shall spik' fur som'' excuse,
Dat mak' heem mad som' mo'.
Ah fight heem strong, but dat's no use,
She keek me out dem do'.

Jeanette feel bad, mabbe, 'bout week;
It mos' weep out her heye—
By Crap, dat mak' me so home-seek,
Ah t'ink dat Ah shall die.

Antwine can' stan' dat long, Bagosh!
Ah sen' to her som' write
By my good fr'en', beeg Joe Malosh,
An' plan fur sneek som' night.

How shall she know it hafter dark?
By Crimp, dat's heasy. W'en
Ah com'—she know it, of she hark—
Ah wheestle lak' mud-hen.

An mak' me wan strong ladder-rope,
Jeanette shall clim' lak' cat—
We shall be in dem fash', an' lope!
Now, w'at you know 'bout dat?

Dat work hallri', but jes' wan t'ing;
Dose bull-pup, Ah forgat—
Heem chaw e's back-pant hall to string'—
No dif', Jeanette patch dat.

Ah'm gat to fight dem fadder'law
Buffore heem giv' consen';
Ah leek heem t'ree tam' to dose draw,
Den heem shall be conten'.

Jeanette an' me ver' happy, too,
An' gat plentee fine brat.
Dem grow lak' weed on bouillon stew
Mak' from dose beeg mus'rat.

Som' day dose Pres'dent shall com' roun',
An' saw dat fam'ly size—
Mabbe, heem shall mak' it com' down
To Washington fur prize.

FOR A VERY LITTLE GIRL.

Now, Dolly, you sit very still,
And do not make a noise;
While, I will tell a story
To all these girls and boys.

You, of course, know Santa Claus?
Sh—! He is just a dandy;
Because he gives us dolls and books,
And, oh, such lots of candy.

He can tell bad boys and girls—
My goodness, what a dolly!
And he, sometimes, sends them whips.
Then they don't feel jolly.

He will come this very night—
Dolly, will you keep still?
Down the chimney-hole, I guess,
And all our stockings fill.

And then—Oh, pshaw, you naughty doll!
He'll go—I guess—about—
I just knowed, if I fetched you here,
You'd surely put me out.

PETE SAUCER WOULD BE MAYOR.

By Gar, ef I shall be dem ma're;
De ver' firs' t'ing I do:
Will be to mak' som' peeple scare,
Cos' dem do not spik' troo.
Heem say, som' co'ncilmans ver' bad;
Dem Publeek Servants, too.
By Gar, dat mak' me hofful mad!
Dem 'ought be spank' black-blue.

I mak' dem saloon clos' up tight,—
Jes' tight, as now she be.
Dey fin' out, dat I bin al'right,
Ef dem shall com' seen me.
Dem polis'mans mus' min' hees beet,
An' w'en dat mud bad gat;
Mus' car' dem ladees 'cross dem street,—
Onlass she bin ver' fat.

Dem people mus' be 'sleep an' fas',
'Bout ha'f pas' two—tree—four—
I can' jes' tol', how long dat las';
Dat mus' be try before.
Ef dem rich mans, don' dem law 'bey,
An' spik' dem poor mans nice;
I mak' dem rich mans sat all day,
On wan beeg cak' of hice.

Dem Dutchmans, she can have som' beer,
An' dem ballmans can play;
But gamblingans mus have som' fear,—
I'm goin' jomp up,—som' day.
Som't'ing shall stop, by gar, you see!
I shall wan figgare cut;
Wen, I can jes' as mad can be,
Dem town shall be wide-shut.

Now, ef dat 'laction fall hon me,
Dem peeple shall be glad;
Fur dem's as happy as can be,
Onlass dem mak' me mad.
Wan t'ing, I promees, ef I can—
I jes' so sure 'bout dat—
By Gar, I tol' you dem Frenchman,
Heem shall have plenty RAT!

EFERYBODY VAS DHINKIN.

I vas dhinkin oof a crate many beeples,
Vould shump ub righd qwick oof dey got a good shanse,
How dey cood shlack de dop off der sdeeples.
Und vill oud der bockets dots vast doo der bants.
I was dhinkin.

A sveed liddle vomans mit plack eyes so plue,
Vas smile righd oud loud as she did tought about;
De dime ven her Hansey, her lofer so drue,
Shood bob at the gwestion und mack souerkraut.
She vas dhinkin.

Some batchelor mans a goot vile he tought,
Pefore he his mind made he vould a wife dook.
Now, he says doo himselluf "Mein Himmel Gott!"
I didn't nodise muudderinlaw vas in de pook. Und now
He vas dhinkin.

De dramp he vas dhinkin how nice vould it pe,
Oof de man his richas vould ub mit him vhwack;
How he'd ead bier und kase weinewurst poloney,
Und de gwality of goots he would vare on his pack, bud
He vas only dhinkin.

De rich dhinks he holt doo his bile righd away,
Und a liddle more doo he vould of he cood;
Bud he'd bedder "look oud" vor I'fe heard beeples say,
Down pelow rich men are dicker dan leefs in de woods, und
sdill
He vas dhinkin.

Olt Nick, he vas stood by his vire so gloses,
Und de vinks as his doaster he hantles mit glee;
Und he dhinks how he leads beeples rount py der noses.
So id's "bedder leab dwise 'fore you look," you cood see,
Und yet we vas all dhinkin.

OLD GLORY FLOATS FOR ALL.

The grayhaired veterans, of 61,
Went marching by in the summer's sun,
'To pay their respects to the nation's braves,
In quiet church-yards and unknown graves.
Halt! Came the chieftain's word of command,
As an aged woman, with palsied hand,
Leading a wondering bright-eyed lass,
Stepped in front so they could not pass;
Spoke to the chieftain in accents low,
And said, "I know we were once your foe,"
"My son and I, and we hated the sight"
"Of the Stars and Stripes, that banner bright."
"I, myself, bade him go, when the call to arms,"
"Sounded across our southern farms;"
"And proudly I watched, when he marched away,"
"My youngest boy, in his suit of gray."
"Though my heart felt like lead, I cheered with the rest,"
"And I waved my adieus to the lad I loved best."
"But, I tried to think, that the time would come,"
"When my soldier, at sound of fife and drum,"
"Would come marching home to his mother's arms;"
"And rest secure from war's alarms."
"At last he came, after wilderness fight,"
"Where death-winged bullets cut left and right,"
"Where thundering cannon, and screaming shell,"
"Made beautiful earth, a very hell;"
Where men became fiends, whose only will,"
"Was the mad desire to maim and kill."
"When the fight was over, my boy was found,"
"Lying with others, on blood-soaked ground,"
"With his life-blood, slowly ebbing away"
"Through the hole, which the shell had torn that day,"
"In his breast. A foeman, sitting beside,"
"Trying to stanch the fast flowing tide"
"With a silken flag, that a northern miss"
"Had hallowed with her parting kiss."
"My boy came home, and we laid him to rest."
"With that silken flag across his breast."
" 'Twas his dying wish, that it should be so;"
"And I came to ask, it would please him, I know,"
"If you would not let my grandchild take"
"Just one small flag, so that we could make"
"His grave look, like others will look today."

"Of soldiers, who fell in that terrible fray."
"This may seem strange, but yet it's true,"
"My lad, when he died, loved Old Glory too."
"Uncover!" And every head was bare;
Then the chaplain's voice was raised in prayer,
And the burden was, that peace should be
Forever, in the land of the free.
Old Glory, still, it's colors wave
O'er a Southern lad, in a Southern grave.

SCRAPS FROM MANILLA.

Over at Manilla Bay,
There was a Spanish bruiser
Who said, "that he was not afraid
Of any Yankee cruiser."

CHORUS.

Spoken: (Was he?) Well, you bet he was,
When he heard the racket
Of McKinley's peacemakers
Worked by a blue jacket.

When the Spaniards saw our boats,
He wagered his commission
That he could whip the Yankee pigs
And drive them to perdition.

CHORUS.

Spoken: (Did he?) Well, I think so—Nit!
Dewey made a monkey
Of this boasting Admiral—
This haughty Spanish flunkey.

Dewey knocked them right and left,
And did them up right handy:
Now Uncle Samuel's good folks
Say; "Dewey, you're a dandy!"

CHORUS.

Spoken: (Dewey?) Well, you bet we do?
And we'll give this warning,
To do a Yankee boy you'll have
To get up in the morning.

WRECK OF THE JULE ELAINE (ALMOS'.)

(By Pete Saucier.)

Ah sing a song 'bout sailor-man,
Dat Admiral Campo,
Who sail de lak' on Michigan;
Dulut' to Buffalo.

E's captaine of dat Jule Elaine,
W'at bin dem fishin' smack;
She stan' dem wind an' hurreecane,
Wat make dat timber crack.

She sail all night; she sail all day,
On Huron, Lak' Ste. Claire,
Dem hank' was broke, dat ver' bad way—
W'athell dat captaine care?

Dem night was dark, lak' bar'l hof hink;
Dat wind jes' blow, blow, blow.
Campo stan' on dat w'eel, an' t'ink;
Dem crew she was below.

Dem captaine harroo: "Com', Mongee,
Gat sope-box, put in breek;
Lash plenty cord around oui?
Mak' hanker ri'toff, queek!"

Dem lash dem sope-box good an' stout,
An' fas'en her to boat;
Den t'row dat hank'—dem breek bus' hout,
By Crimp, dat box jes' float.

Big Pete e's yall: "Sacre By Chras,
Cap. Campo, she shall drown;
Dos breek fall hout, dat line hol' fas';
Dat hank jes' float around'!"

Den hup an' spik' dat brave Campo;
Before dem win' she soun':
"By Crap, you bin wan fool, jes' go
Gat pike-pole, push er down!"

Dat bark, wan mus'rat bog, she hit,
Half-acre from dem shore;
She broke dat boat not wan d—n bit,
An' now, she sail som' more.

MEMORIES.

A tiny slipper lying in a little rocking-chair,
A little silken stocking close beside;
They bring to me sweet memories of a face so bright and fair,
Remorseless Fate has snatched beyond the tide.
She was a golden sunbeam, in my humble cottage home;
The fairest rose was not one-half so sweet.
How I loved to listen, as my darling one would roam,
To the patter of her dainty little feet.

A mother's dying blessing, on her baby brow did rest;
That blow, God knows, it almost broke my heart.
I had not learned to bear this grief, when came a cruel test;
They told me that my babe and I must part.
Many years have passed since then, and I'm a man grown old.
Yet, as I sit, my mind roams at it's will,
And as Fancy lifts the misty curtain, with her hands, so bold,
I think I hear those pattering footsteps still.

Pitapat, patter the little feet go;
All the day long, as they run to and fro.
Can I forget it? no, memory sweet
Brings back the echoes of dear little feet.

ABOUT SANTA CLAUS.

(For a very little child.)
Don't you like Santa Claus? I do.
I think he is awful sweet,
For he brings us books, and dolls, and toys,
And candy for us to eat.

I'm going to hang up my stocking,
On the back of my rocking chair,
And if he don't fill it up to the top,
I'll feel like pulling his hair.

Now, if we ain't good little girls and boys,
And don't keep as still as a mouse;
We won't get anything nice at all,
For he won't come near our house.

VEN YOUR SHICKENS COME HEIM DOO ROOSD.

Dis vorld ish mate oop oof a goot menny folks;
Some lif pooty high, udders low.
Some lif pooty fasd, und sphend all dey got.
While udder ones lif yuhst as shlow.
De fasd ones dey laff, und say doo de shlow,
"Vy you don'd on yoursellufs gid a boosd?"
Bud, yuhst you look oud, dey von'd so mooch laff,
Ven dere shickens come heim doo roosd.

Dose bee'ples, who all de dimes, schoot oof dere mout,
Und dinks no von else had some sense;
Who agd yuhst as if dey did all de vorlt own,
Und aroundt it did had a high fence;
Who dalk aboud shildrens, vat udder volks had,
Und all de dimes kick dem a boosd;
De feedt vill pe yumpt on de udder vones poots,
Ven dere shickens come heim doo roosd.

Ven doo congress, alretty, some beeples ve sent,
Und expect dot dey make us laws, goot,
Dot de beeples cood lif, und haf blenty goot dimes,
Midout vorkin' de shoes oof dere foot;
Dill ve found oud, dot dey vill yuhst noddings doo,
Und vor workingmens aind got no boosd.
You baed, ven dey oop again coom vor our wotes,
Dere shickens vill come heim doo roosd.

Some beeples, dot no goot, in dis vorlt can see,
Und pint oud dere finger oof shkorn
At breachers, und churches, und eferydings else;
Dey'll vish dot dey didn't vas born:
Vor, ven at dot Baradise Lost, dey vill knock,
Oldt Beter vill gif dem a boosd
Mit his foot, on de lower front part oof dare pack;
Und dere shickens vill come heim doo roosd.

Now, id's petter dot you dook a leedle advice,
Und do all de goot, dot you can
In dis vorlt, vile you're here, dry und see dot you make
Beeple habby, dot ish de best blan:
Und ven oop dot golten shtairs, you had doo valk,
You don'd need doo haf enny boosd.
Dey'll velcome you dere, ven you got doo de top,
Und your shickens won'd come heim doo roosd.

DON'T PULL HIM BY THE TAIL.

There's a land across the sea—a hotbed of tyranny—
 Where the people bow submissive to the will
 Of the men of royal birth, who once tho't they owned the
 earth,
 But, I'm satisfied, they do not think so still.
 For years Spain's cruel hand had wasted Cuba's land.
 And innocents by murderous bullets fell;
 Uncle Sam said they must "drop it" or he'd have to go and
 "stop it;"
 They politely told your Uncle "go to——" well,

CHORUS—

Now they wish they hadn't done it;
 They are sorry they begun it,
 For they soon found out their schemes would surely fail;
 They have learned, they don't deny it,
 That our bird, so very quiet,
 Is a "red hot member" if you pull his tail.

The haughty Spaniard lay over at Manila bay,
 And he made great sport of Dewey. "Sure," said he,
 "We will make a great big racket, just to scare the old blue
 jacket,"
 "Till he don't know whether he's on land or sea." '
 When Dewey hove in sight, they yelled with all their might;
 And tried their very best to sink his fleet;
 But the best that they could do was to break a spar or two.
 "They went up against the real thing" and—got beat.

—CHO.

Cervera, doughty chief, whose career was somewhat brief,
 Had sworn that "when he got to Cuba's shore,"
 "How the Yankees he would lick, and show them a Spanish
 trick,"
 "That would drench the decks of Samson's ships with gore."
 Awhile he tried to stay in Santiago Bay,
 Till Shafter made him weary of the place;
 Then he made his famous dash, (some folks think he acted
 rash)
 And tried to give our "Schley" sea dog a chase.

—CHO.

PETE SAUCIER MOWS THE MA'SH.

Dem Sommer com', w'en dem ma'sh hay,
Mus' be cut up fur winter day.
Ma' ol' wom' spik', "Can' pail de vash,"
"Onlass dem cow gat hay from ma'sh;"
"Dem Bool-cow, too, gat hav' som' 'eat;"
"Jes' go mow ma'sh-beeg, lazee Pete!"
I tak' ma' ol' long Sy'—ver' sharp,
Down by dem ma'sh w'are leev' dem carp.
Dem carp now gon', dem grass, high grow—
By Gar, I t'ink heem hard to mow.
I strik' dat Sy' ver' strong, you see—
By Gar, I t'ink I hear bom-bee.
I feel, dat I can hear som' bozz-z-z—
T'ink, mabbe snak' er polecat was
Sat ri' down dare, to mak' me scare;
I mow jes' same. What shall I care
'Bout an' hanmal beeg er small?
I shop heem down wid Sy'—dat's all.
Fool mus' I bin, I can forgat,
Dem yal-jack-wasp, dem beeg hornat!
I strik' som' mo'; I strik' strong, well—
W'at happen nex', som' wan can tell.
Dem yal'-jack bus' out strong in face,
An' stong me roun' som'where an' place.
Mos' gat on pant—dem not ver' t'ick—
By Gar, I mak' two hornpipe, quick!
At las', I rans to clover-fiel';
Roll in dem grass, dem yal-jack keel.
Wan bool-cow, heem was over dare—
Dat mak' no deaf, I shall not care,
W'en gat som' stong by yal-jack-bee,
Ef twenty bool-cow ron at me.
W'en I roll roun', mus' gat som' dirt;
So pull off coat, dat show red shirt;
Jes' pull som' grass, dem coat to wash,
W'en dem bool-cow snik' up. Bagosh!
Heem giv' wan growl, like wan beeg bear—
I don' no' ef I'm mad er scare—
I'm goin' mak' fr'en's wid dem bool-cow;
But heem can' seem jes' onstan how
Heem hac wid me; Heem scratch up dirt,
Growl, blows hees nose off at red shirt.
I cross ma' heye on bool an' fence,

'Cos' dat han'mal can't gat som' sence.
 Dem fiel' fence, mus' I reach. By Gar,
 Dat, look ver' clos', but feel ver' far!
 I mak' wan jomp, an' start to ron—
 Dem han'mal jomp, an' grab me on
 Hees horn, an' t'row me Nor'-Eas'-Wes'
 Ri' plonk back in dem hornat-nes'.

* * * * *

I gat to shack, as bes' I can,
 Wid head swell' up lak' halderman.
 Ma' ol' wom' met me at dem do'—
 By Gar, heem laff, den laff som' mo'.
 I spik' resolv' on dat wan day;
 Ef dat bool-cow gat som' ma'sh hay,
 No deaf how ma' ol' wom' can blow,
 Dat ——— ma'sh hay, heemse'f can mow!

MEMORIAL DAY.

Scatter the flowers above the dear dead;
 Flowers from garden, from forest, and field,
 Emblems of love for the blood that was shed
 By heroes, who struggled, our country to shield.

Muffle the drum, let the bugle's sweet note
 Ring through the air, telling of love and peace.
 Place the old flag where it proudly can float
 Over the men, who made tyranny cease.

Breathe forth a prayer for the brave boys who fell
 In battle; that you, and that I might be free;
 Or followed Old Glory amid shot and shell
 To victory, whether on land or on sea.

Children, tread softly 'round the hallowed spot.
 They who lie there were your friends, tried and true.
 Let not their memory e'er be forgot.
 Liberty worships her brave sons in blue.

ONLY A STORY, THEY SAY.

A little maid playing, saw sitting close by
An old man in tears with bowed head;
And shyly approaching said, "What makes you cry,"
"Poor man, shall I get you some bread?"
'I'm hungry, my darling, but not for the food,"
"You'd gladly share with me, I know."
"My story I'll tell, you'll believe, you are good."
"May God shield you from such a blow!"

CHORUS.—

It is only a story, they say;
Only an idle tale;
Yet hearts grow cold, while stories are told,
And rosy cheeks turn pale.
As we look on each loving face,
Beaming with joy and glee;
Breasts heave with sighs and tears fill our eyes,
To think what their story may be.

"I had a home once, a dear loving wife;"
"A sweet little girl climbed my knee."
"Far dearer to me were they than my own life;"
"No hearthstone more happy could be."
"One morning we missed our pet's bright, sunny face;"
"An evil man stole her away."
"Her mother's heart broke, and I've not found a trace,"
"Though searching for her every day."

"How funny!" the little maid artlessly said;
"Ma' often a story told me,"
"Just like the one you told; my grandma is dead,"
"And grandpa so lonely must be."
They walked hand in hand to a little white cot,
And there in the ivy-clad door
Was Mary, his darling, now joy is his lot,
The days of his roaming are o'er.

UNCLE SAM'S TRIUMPH.

(Air—Marching Through Georgia.)

Gather 'round the camp-fire, boys, let's have another song
Of our nation's heroes fighting to avenge a wrong;
Sing of freemen battling for the weak against the strong,
While we were marching to Cuba.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! We'll bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Our flag makes Cuba free;
So, we sang the chorus from the great lakes to the sea,
While we were marching to Cuba.

North and South made common cause to punish cruel Spain.
Death they proudly spurned Old Glory's honor to maintain.
Fierce, the battle cry rang out; "Remember, boys, the Maine;"
While they were marching to Cuba.—CHORUS.

"We can whip the Yankee Pigs, our Navy is the best,"
Said the boasting Spaniard, but they stirred a hornet's nest,
For Dewey let the eagle scream just once—you know the rest,
While we were marching to Cuba.—CHORUS.

Then, Cervera tried his bluff at Santiago Bay.
He got into the harbor, then he tried to sneak away;
But Schley persuaded him to wait until some other day,
To take his departure from Cuba.—CHORUS.

Spain, her honor satisfied, said "that she had enough."
She also said, "she thought the Eagle used her rather rough;
And that, she didn't know the Yankee boys were such "hot
stuff,"
Until they were fighting in Cuba.—CHORUS.

The war is over, and your Uncle Sam will now decide,
To call for Porto Rico, with Havanas on the side.
The Philippines,—Well, Spain must let the tail go with the
hide,
To pay for her rashness in Cuba.—CHORUS.

Here's a pledge to all the boys, that fought for Uncle Sam;
And tamed the Spanish lion 'till he's meek as Mary's lamb,
Who taught the old world monarchs, that our freedom is no
sham,
When they were fighting in Cuba.—CHORUS.

THE OLD MAN'S STORY OF DEWEY AT MANILLA.

W'at 'aint heerd o' Dewey? Wall I'll be blowed!
Then lis'n ontill I tell ye how he mowed
Spain's ships frum th' sea, turned 'em inside out;
'Till thay didn't know jist wat thay was about.

Th' blood-thirsty Spanyards was feelin' quite gay,
An' thare hangout was over at Maniller bay.
Thay was walkin' an' lollin' about at thare ease;
An' thare captin sez, "we kin dew jist as we please
"With that ole' raskil ewey, th' son-of-agun,"
An' he luffed, ez he told how he'd make Dewey run.
"Wy," sez he, "boys, I'll jist bet One hundred tew ten,
"I kin whip that ole bum with one-half of my men.
"All we'll have tew dew, is, given one Spanish yell;
"An' we'll scare them blue-jackets clean over tew—well,
"Ef I kin jist git but a half of a chance,
"I'll show Dewey Spain'e got on her fitin' pants."

We'n Dewey got wind, w'at this Spanish galoot
Had 'sed about him, an' that how he would shoot
His ships all tew pieces; he got purty hot:
An' swore a big cuss, "that he'd ruther'n not
"Go over thar an' let that Spanish rooster
"Git better ackwainted, an' sorter git useter
"McKinley's peace-makers," (Thirteen and eight inch)
"Uncle Sam's bird lays fer him in a pinch."

Dewey sot waitin aroun' at Hong Kong,
Ontill he got that leetle message frum Long;
W'ich re'd, "My deer sur, wa't we want, ef you please,
Is tew sweep them durrned spanyards cleen offen the sees."
"All rite," sez George Dewey, "you bet! that I'll try,
An' make mister 'Jojo sing, root hog, er die."

Then he slip't off his cable an' husseld aroun',
An' skin'd out rite quick fur that Maniller town.
He got tharre 'bout daylite, an' made preperashun,
Tew gin' sum hot tips tew that bullfitin nashun.
Sez he, tew his boys, "don't burn powder in vain,
Make ev'ry shot count, an' remember the Maine."
Then he crowded on steam, an' away they all went
Thro' th' channel, past forts, which arter them sent;
A halestorm of bullits; but none of 'em struck,

Thare eyesight was lame, er thare guns was ded duck.
 Dewey paid not mutch attenshun tew these,
 Fur his eye was on Spain's emblem flung tew the breeze;
 An' sez he tew his boys, "Thare's your honey, wade in!
 We'll make that chap think his boat's kivered with tin."
 "The bay's lined with mines, sir," a young midddy said.
 "Oh! d——n the torpedoes," sez he, "go ahead,
 "An' take yer persishuns, as quick as yer kin.
 "I mded anxshus fer this 'ere fun tew begin."
 "I see thare ships waitin' tew commence the scrap,
 "Thay're 'leven tew six, but I don't keer the snap
 "Of my finger fur that. Steer in closer, git reddy;
 "Now gin 'em hell! Be keerful, thare! Steddy!"

Lord, how the big guns did beller an' roar!
 Thay heed 'em fur neer fifty miles er more;
 An' thay lammd, an' thay slammed intew them Spanish cusses:
 Ontill thar ships looked like sum wrecked omnibusses,
 "Soak 'em! sez Dewey, 'till thay yell enuff,
 Thay'll learn arter while, that the Yanks is, "hot stuff!"
 Then he hauled off a while tew git cleer of th' smoke,
 Git a rest, an' tew see wether ennything's broke.
 W'en he found out that nuthin was hurt very mutch,
 He crowded on steem fur the finishin tutch.
 Then at 'em thay went, t'was a bootiful site,
 Tew see them blue-jackets work guns in a fite,
 They biffed an' thay banded 'em 'till I'm free tew own,
 Them Spanyards tho't thay'd caught a Yankee syclone.

Dewey stood on th' bridge all thro' th' day;
 An' his voice, it rung out like a lion's, at bay.
 "Gin 'em anuther one, boys, atween decks!
 "Hurrah! see 'er go! That's my best respects!"
 That was a hot one! Gin 'em sum more;
 I'll sink ev'ry boat, er I'll drive 'em on shore,"
 Gin ner an' eight inch! Ah! Ha! That's a beaut;
 It ook Miss Cristiney rite square in the snoot.
 Hold on, boys, don't shoot enny more at that critter,
 She begin tew sink jist after that hitter."

Then, thay went after them fellows fur fair,
 How th' shells screemed, as they tore thro the air,
 An' rip't up them Spanyards frum stem untew starn;
 An' put grate big holes, like th' door of a barn,
 Thro' thar hulls, 'till they jist peetered out koplunk,

For Spain's ships was beached what hadn't got sunk.
Oh no! we kaint fight! Uncle Sam's leetle lame
In his navy; but he kin git thare, jist the same;
An' Spanyards will larn, Uncle Sam takes no sass,
An', wen it is Dewey, tew keep off th' grass.

JIM AND TOM'S THANKSGIVING.

Jim and Tom were two city kids,
Who went to the ountry, to see
Their uncle John, and aunt Samanth,
And get a bite of "Turkee."
For, this was about Thanksgiving time,
When, turkey rules the world,
And the boys' mouths fairly watered,
As along the road, they whirled.

The boys didn't eat a blessed thing
Before Thanksgiving day;
Because, they said, "they'd have more room,"
"To stow good things away."
So, at Thanksgiving dinner,
They did eat, eat and eat,
So very much, that uncle said,
"I never seen their beat."

And afterward said to aunt Samanth;
"By gum! I do allow,"
"Them kids have got an appetite"
"Bigger'n our bridle cow."
And aunt Samanth, she lauged and said,
"I almost thought, I must"
"Tell them not to eat so much,"
"For fear that they would bu'st."

Well, boys like Jim and Tom don't bu'st;
But, they got very sick;
And uncle had to go and get
Old doctor Killequick,
Who gave them lots of physic,
Which made the boys some thinner.
He told them, "not to eat like pigs"
At their next Thanksgiving dinner."

FOR LODGE.

Once there was a lady, whose husband was a knight,
And often he would come home late, then there would be a
fight.

She did not fight him with a broom, a flat or pudding-stick;
But just would jaw, and jaw and jaw until he got quite sick
Of her eternal gabble-gab, about the "tarnal men,"

"Who got together in a lodge, just like pigs in a pen,"

"And grunt out some tomfoolery that hadn't any sense;"

"Then come home late and wake her up with laughter so
intense;"

"Or telling her how brave John was, and then, set up a roar,"

"That wakened baby, scared the dog, and shook the very
floor."

"If men must go to lodges, why, they ought to tell their
wives"

"Just what they did, so they could laugh, and not to wear
their lives"

"Out guessing what their husbands meant in sleep to talk
such rot,

"As ouch! Hot sand! Who enters here! Hold! I can bust
the pot!"

And so she went from bad to worse;

Her husband thought of a divorce.

Poor man became an awful wreck.

His brothers called him "old hen-peck."

But one day, sister—oh, dear me!

I can't recall her name, well, she

Invited Susan out to dine,

And treated her to things so fine;

Then talked and talked, as sisters do,

About the lodge, so good and true,

Till Susan gave her her consent

To join the lodge, and in she went.

She rode the goat without a bump;

And now, she says, "Oh what a chump"

"A woman is to scold her man"

"Because he joins a lodge. The plan"

"I should advise, is every one"

"To join a lodge and see the fun."

"Of course, at first you're somewhat vexed,"

"But it's all right, when you get next."

AT GETTYSBURG.

The Third of July, 1863,
Will ever remain in history,
A memorable day; for there and then,
The Stalwart sons of Northern men
Wrote with their blood, on Round Top's heights;
Liberty's sons have equal rights;
Old Glory floats for every man
Who lives for freedom, God's great plan;
Slave and master, no place for you
Under the Red, White and Blue.

Two days, on Gettysburg's red plain,
Made so with blood that flowed like rain,
The Southern hosts contest the field;
And vow to make the Northmen yield.
Dixie's chivalry was there,
Marching to drum and trumpet blare;
Resolved, with gun and saber-thrust,
To trail Old Glory in the dust.

The morning of the Third dawned clear,
And bugles challenged far and near;
Awakening warriors for the fray,
Who seemed to feel that on that day;
Would be determined, if our flag
Should be supplanted by the rag,
Which represented only class,
Who scorned to mingle with the mass.

General Meade, the field surveyed,
Then turned and said unto his aide;
"Say to my men, at any cost,"
"Hold every point, this battle lost"
"Means, that all this land shall be"
"Under the heel of Slavery."

Soon they meet in battle shock,
The Blue stands firm as solid rock,
While bayonets and saber clash,
As Blue and Gray together dash;
And Cemetery Ridge is red
With blood, by bluecoat heroes shed,
While bloody angle and the lane
Is piled with heaps of foemen slain.

In vain, Lee's men, though brave and true,
Are hurled against those walls of Blue.
Then, for a space, the Southron's yield
Unto the Northmen all the field.
What meant all this, was it defeat?
Was Lee about to beat retreat?
Not long the respite, cunning Lee
Would break that line by strategy.

But Hancock knew his wily foe,
And sought to thwart the coming blow;
Sent orders to the bluecoat host,
That not a man should leave his post.
'Twas well, for suddenly on the right
The fiends of war burst in their might,
And cannon thundered, screaming shell
Tore through the air like imps of hell.

The earth was ploughed by solid shot,
While all around grew foul and hot.
Then, all at once, rang on the air,
'Look, here they come, boys, steady, there!'
And Pickett's men burst on the view
With three lines deep, and heavy too.
The rebel yell, though loud and clear,
Was answered by a deafening cheer.

Fearless warriors, they must be
Who meet those brave men under Lee.
Can that blue line withstand the shock?
Yes, there they stand as firm as rock,
And silently await the foe,
Determined on their overthrow.
Magnificently those men in Gray
Swept up Round Top to save the day.

In vain, they strive that line to pierce;
Those men in blue, like tigers fierce
Hurl them back, with gleaming steel,
With muskets clubbed,—See, see, they reel!
A bleeding, broken line they fled
Leaving the earth strewn with their dead.

Then arose a mighty cheer,
A three times three from far and near;
For Northern men, that day, erased
The stain, which always had debased
Old Glory; made it fit to be,
In truth, the flag of liberty.

CISSY'S LAMENT.

I wish I was a little boy;
Then I could romp and play
Leapfrog, and have some other toy
Beside dolls. T'other day
The boys went in the water,
And were having so much fun.
I thought, now, I'm a daughter,
But I'd rather be a son.
The boys, they catch the fishes,
While we must stay indoor,
To wash and wipe old dishes,
And scrub the kitchen floor.
We can't step out a minute
But the baby starts to bawl.
Oh, yes, we're strictly in it,
When the kid begins to squall.
The boys can ride a-straddle,
While we are always seen
Upon an old side-saddle.
I think it's just too mean!
I feel almost like crying,
When Tommy lights a match.
I've tried, it's no use trying,
For I have no place to scratch.
I think that doctors ought to make
This rule, that, when they call
With babies, folks must either take
Boys, or get none at all.

THE OLD MAN'S EXPLANATION.

(Boy) Dad, what's this talk of war about
I wish you would explain;
I've been trying to find out
Why we should fight with Spain.

Dad) Wall, my boy, thare seems tew be
A leetle disputation
Atween this land of Liberty
An' that bull-fightin nation.
The Cuban people seemed tew think
* Spain's rule wa'n't jest the thing;
They mixed it up, an' quicker'n wink
The bullets began tew sing.

Spain jest butchered 'em like sheep
An' made the wimmin slaves;
An' not a person dared tew peep
On them proud Spanish braves.
It wa'n't the way that we would fight;
We've different eddication.
Of course we think they don't dew right,
But Spain's a Christian nation.

Some of our folks went down thare
An' for the Cubans fought;
An' Spain got madder'n a March Hare
At us. They said, we ought
Tew keep our meddlin' folks away,
An' stop our noisy clack;
Er else thare'd be ole Nick tew pay—
We'd git ripped up the back.

Our guv'ment promised tew be good
An' let Spain go ahead
An' kill as menny as she could.
Now Cuba's soil runs red
With blood of patriots—men as true
As ever fired a gun,
An' fought for the Red, White an' Blue
In days of Washington.

Next, we sent the Maine, the pride
Of all our sons an' daughters,
Fer a short season tew abide
In treacherous Spanish waters.
Our sailor lads were feelin' fine;
They dreamt of friends an' hum—
A coward Spaniard touched the mine:
Sent them tew Kingdom-come.

But then, I guess they'll make it right.
It seems a leetle funny;
Our guv'ment don't keer tew fight
If they'll jest pay the money.
In Lincoln's time that wouldn't dew;
He'd have a million men
Backin' the Red, White an' Blue;
But times have changed since then.

NED'S STORY OF SANTA CLAUS.

Tommy, Bessie, Rosy and 'Ted
Were getting ready to go to bed,
When little Bess' said to ten year old 'Ned;
Tell us 'bout Santa Claus.
And does he have dolls? asks little Rose.
'teep still, said Tom, 'Ted 'teep off my toes.
Well, allright, said 'Ned, here goes;
I'll tell you 'bout Santa Claus.

God made Santa a long time ago,
And made him a house all covered with snow;
He gave him dolls, and sleds and rings,
And a great big pile of other things.
He made him a couple of great big deers,
With little short tails, and great big ears—
Did he make him a monkey-jack, asked Ted?
Yes, and oh such a great, great, awful big sled,
That it can hold the world full of toys,
For all the good little girls and boys.
All you can guess, and many more
Nice things, he put in a great big store.
Then he made Santa's eyes so small and bright,
That he sees every chimney the darkest night;

And when he wants to go to the top
 Of a house he just says flippety-flop—
 Then, up he goes, with a riggetty-jig,
 And hops in the chimney-hole, kerswig.
 Then he fills all the stockings up,
 And out he goes, and shouts gee-up;
 Then lickety-scoot he scampers away,
 And don't get through till just before day.
 Then he goes home and feeds his deer,
 And they stay in their snow-house one whole year,
 Until Winter comes with snow and ice,
 And brings us Christmas toys so nice.
 'Ned was through and they went up stairs
 And all knelt down and said their prayers;
 Then went to bed, both girls and boys,
 To dream of Santa and his toys.

UNCLE SAM TO THE DON.

"Wall now, I declare," quoth old Uncle Sam,
 As he read o'er the morning paper;
 "I reckon a cyclone's brewin' sumh'are,
 An' its likely tew cut quite a caper.
 I guess I'll jest look at my ba-rom-e-ter;
 It seems tew pint over tew Spain.
 Wall I'll be doggoned! ef the war atmosphere.
 Don't begin tew appear ruther plain."

"Them folks over thar, think they've got the world
 By the tail, on a down-hill pull;
 An' ar list'nin tew the wily advice
 Of ole Weyler, the big Spanish bull.
 An' they think 'cause I didn't beller an' snort
 About the DeLome affair,
 Thet I've lost my backbone, I ain't got no sand,
 But they'd better look out, hev a care!"

"Fur, ef I onc't put on my fitin' clothes,
 An' onc't make my mind up tew scrap,
 They'd better steer clear of ole Uncle Sam,
 Er' they're likely tew hear sumthin' drap.
 They say, I've no navy, I don't keer fur that:
 My boys heads with notions ar' reelin';
 An' they'll fix up a rigamajig of some sort
 Tew give Spain "that tired feelin'." "

"I don't want tew blow, an I don't want tew bluff,
But tackle my eagle's claw,
An' you'll find out afore you have gone very fur,
That you've bit leetle more'n you'll chaw.
My bird has been restin' fur quite a long time,
An' tho' he appears very civil;
Fur peekin an' scratchin' when I say the word,
I'll be durned ef he don't beat the divil."

"He's had more'n one bout with lions an' sich,
An' his friends they never was lackin'
He's whipt everything that comes up tew his scratch,
An' kin dew it agin fur his backin'.
I'm some on the physic, when I take a case,
An Spain must foot all of the bills;
Fur the medicine's costly, that she'll have tew take,
We call 'em Howell's Pills."

"Now I ain't swell-headed, an' don't care tew scrap,
But I won't stan' this nonsense a minnit;
An' if they must tramp on my toes, they will find,
Ole Uncle Sam's thar, an' right in it."

MARY'S GOAT.

Little Mary had a goat,
It's hair was long and white,
It followed Mary everywhere,
And was a peach to fight.

Little Harry came to play
With Mary's hairy pet.
Harry pulled the goat's long hair,
Then Harry had to get.

Mary tried to whip it.
The goat did only frown,
Which scared her, and she tried to run—
Now, Mary can't sit down.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

You call this "Merry Christmas."
It is not that to me;
And yet I could not, would not wish,
That you unhappy be.
Although my bed be straw and rags,
I envy not your lot.
But, oh, for Christ's dear loving sake,
Be no poor child forgot!

I hear the bells ring merrily
From out the old church tower.
I try to keep from thinking, that
It is the very hour,
They brought my papa to our home,
And laid him on the bed.
"Killed in a wreck, no one to blame,"
Was all the papers said.

I know that he was good and brave,
That he stood at his post like a rock.
He might have jumped, had he cowardly been,
But he fearlessly met the shock;
And when they found him, his hand still grasped
The throttle. He died to save
The precious souls that were riding behind
From an untimely grave.

Since then I have had no Christmas,
No books or beautiful toys;
And a great big lump seems to come right here.
When I see other girls and boys
Go trooping by with their faces bright,
And hearts so light and gay.
Oh, God! Please send some loving hand
To us this Christmas day.

You won't feel unkind to me, will you? I know
I ought not to complain,
While many another child is not
Sheltered from cold and rain;
But I think that instead of sending so much
Of our wealth to a foreign shore,
It would give us a greater pleasure, by far,
To give to the poor at our door.

THE ROUGHRIDERS.

Before Santiago, our army of brown
Lay waiting, impatient, the word of command
To strike the despoilers of Cuba's fair land,
And make them, to Liberty's emblem, bow down.

Bright dawned the morning, "to arms," came the call
Of the bugle, and each of the roughriders knew
That dangerous work was before them to do;
That some of their brave, loyal number must fall.

Then up spoke brave 'Teddy, "Boys, yonder, the foe"
"Is waiting for you 'neath the banner of Spain,"
"Stained with the blood of our boys on the Maine."
"Today right the wrong, for revenge strike the blow!"

"Advance!" sang the bugle. Did any show fear?
No, proudly they step with a tiger-like stride;
The plainsman and millionaire's son side by side,
Each ready to die for the flag he holds dear.

'Mid cannon's loud roar, and the screaming of shell;
Their grim faces showing the spirit within;
Undaunted, unmoved by the horrible din,
They swiftly drew nearer that mountain of hell.

"Double-time, charge!" shouts their chief. O, 'twas grand,
As with ringing huzzahs, and with guns at the trail;
They dashed up the hill, while a tempest of hail
From the Mausers enveloped their heroic band.

The foemen outnumbered them twenty to one;
But each man was a host, and the cohorts of Spain
Were compelled, on that day, to remember the Maine
By the point of the sword, and the roar of the gun.

Like lions they struggled, and swept onward through
All obstacles that had been placed in their way.
They tore down the banner, which shelters foul play,
And placed in its stead The Old Red, White and Blue.

Then the woods rang again with a thunderous cheer,
As the folds of Old Glory were flung to the wind;
And men wept for joy, though they knew they would find
Gallant forms, cold in death, who that morn answered,
"Here."

Roughriders, a nation applauds your brave deeds;
A nation mourns over the graves of your slain.
Your great sacrifice is posterity's gain,
And makes heroes follow, where Liberty leads.

SANTA CLAUS' JOKE.

'Twas Christmas eve, and Tom and Dick
Had studied up a cunning trick,
Which they would play on old St. Nick,
When to their homes he came.
But many things "gang aft agley,"
As well with boys as men, you see;
And, though they had planned carefully,
Their trick failed all the same.

Said Tom to Dick, old St. Nick will,
Of good things, both our stockings fill,
But, then, that will not fill the bill;
For, we want lots of toys.
So we will get a big grain sack,
Which, to the chimney-piece we'll tack,
And we will have a whopping stack
Of things for us two boys.

So, when they went to bed that night,
They had their sack hung up just right;
Then dreamed of how, astonished quite,
The folks were at the "scoop."
When they awoke, they yelled, hurrah,
A well-filled sack was what they saw;
But Nick had stuffed it full of straw,
And they were in the—"soup."
There was a man in _____
The people called him Mart.
His manly, auburn colored locks,
In the middle, he did part.

He loved a girl named Sally,
And she was very smart;
But she would not be his darling,
So her pa made Mart depart.

Mart swore an awful swear,
That would make your eyeballs start,
And he shot her in the East Side,
Which nearly broke her heart.

THE ONION ON THE BOG.

(By Pete Saucier.)

By Crap, you spik' 'bout good t'ings eat;
Dem cow-beef, an' dem hog.
You t'ink dat fine. Now, w'at you know,
'Bout honion on dem bog?

E's fine, dem mushrat, an' dem coon;
Dem blue-beel, an' dem frog;
But not mooch fine, onlass she fry,
Wid honion on dem bog.

You sow dem seed in dark hof moon,
We'en wedder show mooch fog;
She com' hup, den harroo an' sing,
For honion on dem bog.

She grow ver' good, for 'bout two week;
You watch her lak' wan dog;
Den cuss dem weed, an' broke her back,
For honion on dem bog.

Mabbe you t'ink she's heasy raise,
W'en weed grow beeg lak' log?
Dat weed, by Crimp, she almos' drown
De honion on dem bog.

Dat Joe Pelotte, he lak' dose cheese,
W'at smell lak dead bullfrog—
Bagosh, Ah'll tak' dem butter-bread,
Wid honion on dem bog.

By Crap, Ah'll be rich mans, som' day,
An' dress hup in gran' tog;
An' ride in hoot-mobeel, w'en sell
Dem honion on dem bog.

 SILAS EBENEZER BROWN.

Silas Ebenezer Brown was ober yeahs in lub
 Wid Sally Jones, de nices' gal, an' smaht as a fox-cub;
 Dat all de cullud boys in town had sot dar traps to git,
 But Sally shuck her haid, an' said: "She didn't car' a bit"
 "'Bout dem dar cullud yaller doods, w'at try to mak' a
 mash;"

"Dey's goo'fornuthin' niggah men, jes' no'count lazy trash."
 "Dem black'n boys, ob co'se I lak' de bes' ob any one;"
 "But dey ain' cotch me yit, you see, dis coon mus' hab her
 fun."

An' so she reign de queen ob h'ahts, ontwell one day in town,
 Her lust'us eyes cotch sight ob Silas Ebenezer Brown.
 Now, dashin' Sally sot to work to capchuh Silas h'aht,
 But Silas seem impregnermous to Cupid's fiahsome daht.
 She'd giggle, smile, make goo-goo-eyes, an' call him, "er big
 sweet;"

"An' say," he was de nices' man, he good enuff to eat."
 Sile' was sum'mat bashful, an' you'd t'ink he hab a fit,
 'Ven Sally come a'nigh him. W'y ouah sides would neahly
 split

Wid laffin' at his monkey-shines; he'd hitch one foot, den
 tudder,

An' draw his face all out'n shape, lak' he hab los' his mudder.
 He couldn' speak one li'l' word, jes' h'm an' hem an' haw,
 An' ac' jec' lak' he got hisse'f mix up wid a buzzsaw.

Den Silas Ebenezer jes' begin to t'ink an' t'ink
 'Bout w'at dat Sally mean, w'en she jes' look at him an' wink.
 An' talk so awful nice to him w'eneber she come near,
 Wich sots his h'aht to thumpin' lak' a rabbit, w'en he's
 skeer.

Til a'ter w'ile, he mak' his min' up, dat she is in lub,
 An' dat she try to cotch him, mebbe fool him, dat's de rub.
 He cogitatered 'bout dat 'ar, an' w'at he gwine to do,
 Te fin' out jes' e'zac'ly, w'edder she lub him fo' troo.
 Well, de mo' he cogitatered, w'y de mo' he git pohplexed,
 Till his min' was jes' complete conflagbergasted an' con-
 vexed.

Den he go to his ol' mammy, an' he state to her de case,
 An' she call him, "goosey-gandah," an' she laff right in his
 face.

"W'y, Silas Ebenezer, yo' am crazy, no mistake;"
 "Don' know how to co't de gals, ef dat don' tak' de cake!"

"I'm shame' yo' talkin' dat 'ar way, yo' great big spin'lin' loon,"

"Yo' oughter l'arn dat long ergo. Go 'way, yo' crazy coon!"
Pore Silas was so 'jected, dat he couldn' sca'cely talk,
But jes' would mope an' walk an' cry, an' cry an' mope, an' walk,

Till mammy cotch him, den she say: "See heah, yo' big fool niggah,"

"Yo' got to quit dat mopin' roun', dat spile you gallus figgah."

"Yo' jes' lis'n to yo' mammy, an' she show yo' soon,"

"How yo' got to 'nipperlate yo'self to cotch dat coon."

"Fust, yo' wrote a li'l note tellin' lots ob t'ings;"

"How dat she's yo' darlin' angel, all ecept de wings;"

"An' dat ef she'll hab yo', it would tickle yo' to de'f,"

"But ef she goin' to 'fuse, yo' goin' strangulate yo'se'f."

"Den yo' mak' a date wid her on some Sat'day night,"

"W'en de moon am roun' an' full, an' stahs am shinin' bright;"

"Tak' yo' pockets full ob 'lasses candy an' popco'n,"

"An' yo' cotch dat blackeyed coon, as shore as yo' am bo'n."

Den Sile' mak' a date wid Sally on one Sat'day night,

Stahs am shinin', an' de moon fer co'tin' seem 'bout right,

Big pant-pockets full ob dat popco'n an' 'lasses candy;

Sartin' dat he captivate Miss Sal' jes' fine an' dandy.

But dat Sally, sech a chile', now, w'at yo' t'ink she did?

She rig herse'f up lak' a ghos', an' den she went an' hid

Right in de woods, clus by de road, behin' a great big tree,

An' waited fer dat Sile' till she git narvus us a flea.

A'ter while, she hear him come er promeradin' 'long,

As happy as a june-bug, an' awhist'lin' a coon song,—

All at once, he stop,—he hair riz right up on his haid,—

He couldn' lif' a finger, an' he ac' jes' lak' he's daid,—

Ghos' kep' comin' closer, closer, den it up an' say:

"Silas Ebeneazah Brown, yo' jes' bettah pray."

"W'y yo' goin' co'tin' gals dis yere time ob night?"

"Git down on yo' knees, er 'less I whisk yo' out ob sight."

"Gib dat 'lasses candy an' dat popco'n heah to me."

"Hurry up, yo' niggah, I am waitin', don' yo see?"

W'en Sile' try to do dat, w'y his eyes bulge out dere sockets;

Dat 'lasses candy an' popco'n hab stuck fas' to his pockets—

Ghos' kep' comin' closer,—but he couldn' stan' no mo';

He gib de tarnalest yell an' run; yo' oughter seen 'im go.

He nevah stop', dey say, ontwell he got cl'ar out ob town,

An' dat was de las' seen ob Silas Ebeneah Brown.

An old and grizzled veteran, of the days of '61,
Came from sunny Southland to distant Washington.
He sought our country's Chieftain, whose firm and noble
stand
Has made his name an honored one, all over this broad land.

"Mr. President, I want to fight. Please don't turn me away.
"I'm loyal to my country, now, though once I wore the gray,
"And fought, for what I thought was right, with Bragg and
General Lee;
"I stood opposed to Sherman's men, when they marched to
the sea."

"I spilled my blood on Lookout's top, on Gettysburg's red
plain,
"But, what I want now, is a chance to even up with Spain.
"I know I'm old and crippled, and my eyesight's somewhat
dim,
"But I could see a Spaniard yet, and draw a bead on him."

"There's lots of younger men, I know, that willingly would go
"Up to the front without a fear, and give Spain blow for
blow;
"But, I could stop a bullet, just as easily as they,
"And there's no one to miss me, if I fall amidst the fray."

"My only son, my joy, my pride, was on the good ship Maine,
"And now lies in Havana Bay, by Spaniard foully slain.
"It makes my old blood boil to think about that horrid crime.
"And I'd give years of life, to see those cowards brought to
time."

"I couldn't rest, if I'd not come, and asked of you to go
"And help drive from Cuba's Isle the murderers of my Joe.
"The boy, I know, would like to have me do it for his sake,
"And if you wouldn't take me, I think my heart would break."

"If you won't let me take a gun, just give to me the flag;
"I know, I shot at it four years, and called it Yankee rag.
"But, if you'll trust me with it, in the thickest of the strife,
"I'll bear it proudly at the front, defend it with my life."

“Now, don’t refuse me, let me have a place, where General
Lee,
“With Grant and Lincoln by his side, can look from heaven
and see,
“That I will strike for home and friends, and to my trust
prove true;
“That Southrons can and will defend the old Red, White and
Blue.”

THE CASTLE.

(A legend.)

On Merrie England’s rugged wave-washed shore,
Where ocean winds unceasingly doth blow;
Where Arthur’s loyal-hearted soldiers bore
His banner ’gainst the haughty Danish foe;
There stands a ruined castle, whose grim walls,
Festooned, with ivy, are. In sunset glow,,
Faintly, there, it is said, on the ear fall
The tread, of warriors marching to and fro.

And as the gloom succeeds the twilight glow;
While rising winds sweep through the dismal pile;
One hears the Norsemen, chain in dungeon low,
Bewailing their hard fate on Britain’s Isle;
And in the great and lonely moonlit hall,
Again, the knights assemble round the board
To quaff their wine, while stirring trumpet call
Sends challenge to the fierce barbarian horde.

As glittering spear-point flashes high in air,
While sparkling steel on steel seals knightly vow;
The worthy chaplain’s voice ascends in prayer,
And warriors grim in humble suppliance bow.
From lip to lip the secret oath is passed;
Then Arthur’s royal banner, raised on high,
That throng salutes, and vows, while life shall last,
To follow where it leads, for it to die.

Then swords strike shields, until they ring again;
While harpist sings of hosts to victory led,
Of battlefields upon the moor and fen,
Now covered with the hated Norsemen, dead.
Again the trumpet calls to meet the foe;
Then silence suddenly pervades the night;
The ghostly warriors from the portals go,
And vanish in the moonbeams misty light.

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